

## Daily Eagle

SCHERZO.

When the dawn is on the chin,  
And the birds begin to sing,  
When the birds begin to sing,  
And the birds begin to sing,  
Love is in the air,  
Love is in the air,  
Love is in the air,  
Love is in the air.

Summer's cheek too soon turns this,  
Summer's cheek too soon turns this,  
Summer's cheek too soon turns this,  
Summer's cheek too soon turns this,  
Love is in the air,  
Love is in the air,  
Love is in the air,  
Love is in the air.

When new red is in the rose,  
And new life is in the leaf,  
When new life is in the leaf,  
When new life is in the leaf,  
Love is in the air,  
Love is in the air,  
Love is in the air,  
Love is in the air.

All too soon comes winter's grief,  
Spendthrift love's false friends turn foes;  
Spendthrift love's false friends turn foes;  
Spendthrift love's false friends turn foes;  
Love is in the air,  
Love is in the air,  
Love is in the air,  
Love is in the air.

## FRONTIER JIM.

Far up in the Second canyon of the Yellowstone, where the river boils and tears along through a narrow gorge hemmed in on either side by lofty basaltic walls, flows a strange character named "Frontier Jim." Jim Ferguson is his true birthright, but so long is it since the old fellow has heard his true baptismal title uttered by human lips that he has almost forgotten it himself. This old mountaineer has lived for many decades in the isolated spot he calls home, isolated until the railroad pushed its way up the canyon and opened a gateway into the great Yellowstone National park. And now that civilization has found him out, still it is probable that Frontier Jim will live and die a hermit among the crags and peaks that have been his companions for so many long years.

I discovered Frontier Jim some seven or eight years ago, or rather, I should have said that he discovered me. It was about the fall of 1889 that I chanced to be knocking about in that part of the United States, and while riding along through that sublime chaos of nature known as the Second canyon, I happened to cast my eyes upward and was astonished and surprised to see perched high in the air on the rocky walls overlooking the deep gorges, a hunter's rude cabin. I immediately dismounted and allowing myself to wander at will, picking bare and there at the point where the ancient hermitage which cropped out between the rocks, I lay down on the grassy spot near where the waters of the angry Yellowstone were boiling and fixed my eyes on the house above me, wondering what manner of mortal had located his abode in such a wild, lonely spot.

While gazing in this manner at the structure I was startled nearly out of my wits by the sound of a human voice almost in my ear, reverberating in good English: "Purty high up, ain't it, stranger?" I sprang to my feet and cast an anxious eye at my rifle resting against a rock a few feet away.

"Don't get frightened, stranger. I ain't a-going to hurt your purty hair." I saw that my new acquaintance was not a savage, and that he was not desirous of shedding my blood either, so I laughingly answered his first question, and admitted that the cabin was "purty high up."

"That's my home up yonder," said he, pointing a long, bony finger at the cabin, "an' if you'll just climb outside your canyon an' follow me I'll show you on top of the bluff an' near the shack."

I mounted and followed my guide, who, after winding around large, towering boulders, along treacherous paths and corkscrew trails, and again, step by step, up steep, almost impossible inclines, finally landed me high and dry at the door of the shack. With a wave of his hand and an obsequious bow, he kicked the door open with the toe of his boot and bade me enter. I crossed the threshold and found the interior as I anticipated. A brace of powder horns and a pair of antiquated flintlocks hung against the wall, over horns, elk heads and buffalo horns were suspended from pegs, and the finest pair of mountain sheep horns I had ever seen was nailed over the doorway.

I heard the Christian title of my new acquaintance yet, but made bold to put the question. "James Ferguson I go by back in the States," said he; "but out here among the Snakes and Bannocks and the few whites I see, they call me Frontier Jim."

Then I knew that my host was no less a personage than the celebrated hunter, trapper, scout and guide told of by the early explorers who had crossed the continent years before seeking an overland route to the Pacific ocean. Frontier Jim was indeed a strange mixture of nature. He had seen many other white men before I chanced to stumble upon him, a majority of whom had stopped at his cabin to rest a day and to obtain information regarding the surrounding country. Jim had always been on friendly terms with the Bannocks, Snakes and other Indians who were generally hostile to the whites; but, so over the plain truth, their hostility or friendliness were matters of indifference to the hunter, as every redskin who knew him had a wholesome respect for Jim's old smoothbore gun, as well as an undisputed admiration for the style in which the old hunter handled his piece. The scout understood my leading questions, and once furnished me with such information as I required, and stepping over he took down the ancient piece of artillery and proceeded to explain its beauties and fine points to me without delay. He pointed out the admirable flint action, the sighting apparatus and dwelt at length upon its shooting qualities.

"But, my friend," he interrupted, "you are many years behind the times. This gun would no doubt have held its own during the Mexican war, but now we have fine breech loaders, repeaters and magazine rifles."

"Kiss your innocent soul," said he, stepping into a corner and drawing into view one of the latest pattern Winchester, "I be-gun to shoot with them bannocks you see on the wall there nigh on fifty years ago, when they was the best guns in the country. I shot them old fellows and their pups (excepting a pair of Mexican flat lock war pistols) until two years ago, when a lot of fellows came along over the canyon trail and got me to guide them through the park. They made me a present of this yere repeater and dead loads of ammunition."

Frontier Jim persuaded me to be his guest for a day, and that afternoon, just before dark, called my attention to an object standing out in bold relief on a sharp, high point about 25 yards away and upward. The outline was so clear and distinct that we had no difficulty in recognizing a mountain ram, who evidently was not very well acquainted with Jim's skillful handling of a rifle, also he would not have remained there in stupid ignorance, impulsively gazing at us.

"See that 'ar buck on the rock over against the sky? Well, watch me put daylight through him," said Jim.

The Winchester was at his shoulder and fired almost before I knew what had taken place. The sheep made one bound for out two more, and then came lopping down one rock almost at our feet. Looking for the shot mark and found a 45 caliber hole through the skull just below the horns. The old scout cut and dressed the meat and laid it by for future use, making me a present of the horns.

That night, while sitting around a cheerful blaze burning from a 10 lb. piece, Frontier Jim catching my gaze resting upon a monster bear skin lying on the floor, said: "Whell, you see that 'ar bear? Well, I will

Over in those two corners you'll see a pair of smaller skins, and hanging against the wall another hide. The big one belonged to an old she devil of a silver tip, and them in the corner were her pups. The hide on the wall belonged to my dog, who was killed in a scrimmage with all three of them cusses. It all happened not twelve months ago, when I, like the rest of the boys, got all daff on the Lost Cabin mine, said to be over in the Big Horn mountains, just loaded full of gold. A fellow came here one morning from over the range, and said he knew where the Lost Cabin was. I agreed to go with him to hunt it up, and so we set out together and traveled for a week in company, when one night—would you believe it!—the 'tarnal cuss stole everything in camp, even to the blankets on my bed, and I never seen him again. I started back home to this tiny cabin, and over on the eastern edge of the park in the Hoodoo mountains I ran upon a silver tip, who was knocking and rolling her cubs about in a sort of clearing. Here was a chance, and I let old Sal speak at once. Now, stranger, there ain't no use in any tenderfoot's saying that a bear is dangerous and he'll be killed by somebody. That's so, for a grizzly, or silver tip, or cinnamon will run as quick as a rabbit unless you pester them and get in their way. I've bagged a good deal of bear meat in my day, and know they are cowardly brutes and will not fight unless you force them. When I fired at the big girl she turned and ran like the very Old Nick was after her. The cub took to a tree, my dog grabbed another, and it was lively tussle for a few minutes, but Shell-bark (Shellbark was my dog, you know)—well, that dog soon got onto its hindpaw and that ended the cub. Now, it happened one day, No. 2, after the death of its mate, said down the tree, down the tree, you know, a bear always comes down a tree hindquarters first, and started like a streak of lightning after its mother, all the while uttering the most piteous howls you ever heard. The dam came down these walls and came back to the spot again like a locomotive under full head of steam. I'd seen a bear before under similar conditions and knew it was best for me to keep out of the way. I jumped behind a tree out of sight, and just then the old she devil came bowling along, hammer and tongs. My dog didn't understand the situation as true as I, for he was in a death grip with the cub, just as the dam came up, and paid no least bit of attention to her. With one wipe of her paw she laid Shellbark out and then I commenced business. You know I had my Winchester along with me, and while she was nosing over the cub I let her have one back of me. She paid no attention to this messenger, so I sent another which clipped her ear and the crown of her head. Upon this she raised her nose, sniffed the air and roared at me once. Just then I fired at her again and caught the beast in the brislet. She wiped the spot crazily with her paw, and dropping on all fours, came at me with a sort of shuffling gait that I knew was business and no mistake. Let me give you a pointer right here. It's a mistake most people have who think a bear comes at a fellow standing on his hind legs. No man ever saw a brute attack in that way. They always drop on all fours and roll or shamble toward you, and when they get to close quarters then they do rise on their hind legs and proceed to hug or strike. And let me tell you another thing: A bear, when he or she is on business, walks on his forelegs, rolls or wags his head from side to side and pays no attention whatsoever to powder or lead. I fired my last shot at this old monster when she was within three feet of me; but, seeing that it had no effect, I threw away the gun and whipped out my long hunting knife, ready for a death struggle. Without a pause or the least bit of hesitation she came straight on with jaws wide open and paws raised; then, just as she made a lunge at me, the beast roared and trembled and laid back on the ground as dead as a door nail. Would you believe it, she had a hole in her head as big as your fist; but I didn't know it, you see, until I skinned her. I thought surely my time had come. When she lay over on her side and didn't move, I plunged a knife into her ribs two or three times, but there wasn't a quiver. Then I skinned the brute, her two cubs and my poor Shellbark, and then are the skins you see over down here.—J. M. T. Far-fello in San Francisco Chronicle.

Words of Politeness. One who has the germ of true politeness in his heart can never be boorish, and our aim should be to make the foundation of courtesy solid; then there will be no cracks in its superstructure. With a kind heart, the face speaks the words of politeness and the hands act the courtesy. We want no counterfeits, but the real thing. No "thanks," that come out like words from a rubber stamp, but the "I thank you," that is each time written with an individuality of its own.—Grand Rapids Church Helper.

For a Severe Burn. The pain caused by being severely burned may be almost instantly relieved by applying a mixture of strong, fresh lime water mixed with as much linseed oil as it will cut. Before applying, wrap the burn in cotton wadding saturated with the lotion. Wet as often as it appears dry, without removing cotton from burn for nine days, when a new skin will probably have formed.—M. A. Thurston in Good Housekeeping.

To Relieve Neuralgia. Nearly one-half the population are more or less afflicted with neuralgic pains. Instead of sending for the doctor, who will probably prescribe a plaster and a dose of medicine, advise the sufferer to heat a flat iron, put a double fold of flannel on the painful part, then move the iron to and fro on the flannel. The pain will cease almost immediately.—Good Housekeeping.

To Cure Coughs. Sit erect and inflate the lungs fully. Then, retaining the breath, bend forward slowly until the chest meets the knees. After slowly rising again to erect position slowly exhale the breath. Repeat this process a second time, and the nerves will be found to have received an excess of energy that will enable them to perform their natural functions.—Boston Budget.

Coal Ashes for Paths. The best use for coal ashes is to make paths and good roads. A good coating of them upon a path, with a little soil thrown upon the surface to help solidify them, soon becomes a walk equal to asphalt, and very pleasant to walk upon.—Boston Budget.

Drying Baked Potatoes. Baked potatoes must be eaten as soon as they are done. When they are taken from the oven they should be put into a napkin or towel and the skin broken, so as to allow the steam to escape; this will keep the potato meaty.—Boston Budget.

A severe cold and perhaps an attack of pneumonia may be prevented if preliminary symptoms are heeded. A chilly sensation along the spinal column, a cold, clammy feeling across the chest are sure indications that a severe cold is trying to settle in the system.

Bleeding at the nose frequently causes extreme prostration. If the nose bleeds from the right nostril, pass the finger along the edge of the right jaw until the beating of the artery is felt. Press hard upon it for five minutes and the bleeding will stop.

Rusty nails make ugly wounds, which, if allowed to get at once, may cause great suffering, perhaps death. Smear the wound with wool or woolen cloth; fifteen minutes in the smoke will remove the worst class of inflammation.

Vegetables are best stored in a room by themselves.

A word on plant culture—Don't over water.

## MISSIONARY WORK.

THOMAS STEVENS GIVES THE RESULTS OF HIS OBSERVATIONS.

Quite a Difference Between the Ideal and the Real—Malleability of the Average Mohammedan—Statistics Which Prove a Very Cold Fact.

As a boy at the Sabbath school the average man has been taught to drop his nickels into the contribution box for the conversion of the heathen. The poor missionaries were out in those wild, benighted countries, risking their lives and suffering untold hardships for the purpose of gathering heathens and idolaters into the fold. For these he has gone without chowing gun weeks at a time in order to contribute money and has done it with scarcely a whimper. He has grown up with an ideal missionary and an ideal missionary life vividly pictured on his fancy.

In the course of time his ship comes over, and he decides to take a trip around the world. He visits Asia Minor, India, China and Japan. The first missionary settlement he comes to he finds it as different from his long cherished ideal conception as cheese is different from chalk. The traveler is astounded.

"Why, bless my soul!" he gasps, "these missionaries are living in decent houses, eat decent food and are as safe here as if they were in New York."

A RASH CONCLUSION. He finds that he has been nursing a delusion all these years. As a general thing he doesn't stop to think of the fact that he has been all his own, that he has permitted his childish conceptions to remain unchanged. Instead of this, he jumps to the rash conclusion that foreign missions are an imposition on the credulous public at home, and when he gets back he has no hesitation in saying so.

The first impressions of a man who has not taken the trouble to correct infantile impressions before starting out are very apt to be something like this; but, as a matter of fact, the missionaries do the very best they can. The trouble lies, not with the men and women who go forth in obedience to the call of Christ to save everybody, but with the innate cunningness of the people whom they wish to save.

The malleability of the average Mohammedan, for instance, when it comes to being saved, is something appalling to a person who has his eternal welfare in view. The Mohammedan is as malleable or malleable as the Christian even about forsaking his own religion for another. Few Mohammedans can understand the perverseness of Christians in refusing to come over bodily to Islamism and be saved.

SAID TO CONVERT. On the other hand, it seemed to me that to board the Mohammedan in his own country and try to convince him that any other religion is better than his own must be a good deal like trying to pull a 300 pound pig through a knot hole. The Mohammedan regards the Christian missionary much as we should regard a Persian mullah who should come over here and proselyte for the religion of the Prophet. As a matter of fact I think the mullah would have the advantage. A Persian mullah in his flowing robes and big white turban, prostrating toward Mecca and sighing away down into his heels, is a picture not devoid of a certain amount of fascination. I have seen mullahs in Persia who if they would only make themselves up and come over to, say, Boston, and start up a revival, would convert lots of people by the mere magnetism of their appearance and the strange fervor of their devotions.

It is a cold fact that among the teeming millions of Asia I disapproved of many Christians who had embraced Mohammedanism as I did Muslims who had entered into the Christian fold—twice as many! To come down to actual statistics, compiled at old times as I went from country to country, I figured up one Mohammedan who had experienced a change of religion and two Christians. There may be more than this in the whole world, perhaps, but these are all I obtained positive evidence of. All three were very interesting cases from the standpoint of an outside party. Their experiences were also interesting to themselves.—Thomas Stevens in New York Sun.

Mountain Railroad in Venezuela. Shortly before we left La Guayra, on the day of which I am writing, the sky became overcast and threatened rain, so that we were in some doubt of being able to reach Caracas until late in the night. Long before we had climbed one-quarter of the way from the sugar plantations on the margin of the sea to the elevation, all covered with coffee and cocoa groves, the train ran into a dense mist which rolled in from over the Caribbean. At times we could not behold the length of the train, and four engines, therefore, gained but a faint and tantalizing idea of the wonderful beauty of the scenery along the line of our travel.

Up and still upward the engine puffed and roared like a panting monster, drawing after it the train, which wound in and out, twisting and turning, now describing the letter V, now doubling itself into an S, slowly, cautiously on up, and painfully gliding like a wounded snake; now running into tunnels, then out along the verge of giddy precipices, at one turn heading back toward the sea, then around the face of a magnificent promontory, again plunging back into the narrow recesses of great gorges and canyons; passing over trestles, through deep cuttings, along the narrow top of steep embankments; upward and upward—from the sea the cocoa palms, banana plantations—above the cocoa groves and coffee plantations, shaded by beautiful flowering trees—up to barren mountain slopes overgrown with stunted bushes—above the timber line, through a desolate land of the cacti, mimosas, and bitter aloes, that stand stark and leafless and storm stripped. Look as we might, straining our eyes in vain endeavoring to see through the fog, we could gain little notion of the scenery or the country through which we were passing.—Caracas Cor. New York Times.

Chinese Mutual Aid Society. Nearly 200 Chinese laundrymen of New York city have formed a benevolent society called the "Yee Whay," or Mutual Aid association, for the purpose of aiding each other to a speedy return to China for a year's visit. Every member of this organization is taxed \$10 monthly, and upon the first day of each new moon a lot is drawn by the entire members to see who is the lucky man to return to China first. The winner receives about \$1,500 in cash, but in order that he may not take the money and play fantea, a committee of seventeen men see that it is safely sent China-ward through some banking house, leaving only enough to pay the traveler's expenses to follow his wife. He must return at the end of the year to assist in the society's return, or he is liable to forfeit his property in China.—Frank Leslie's.

Work for Women. A London jeweler recommends diamond cutting and polishing as an excellent employment for women, saying that he knows of that any woman or girl with quick intelligence could learn to polish a diamond "very fairly in six months."—New York Sun.

A young Madras Brahmin, married, in a communication to the Indian Magazine, speaks of his marriage as "the eternal knot of sorrow tied."

Ads—I had ten offers of marriage last week. Eke—How pronounced and persistent of Jack.—Tid Bits.

A bad marriage is like an electric machine—it makes you dance, but you can't let go.

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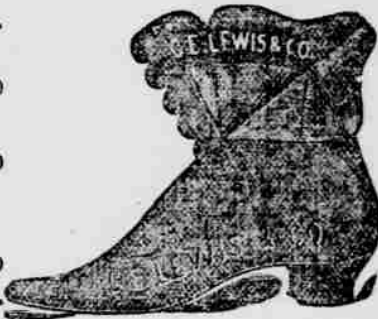
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